

liar's tongue

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a young, bright-eyed child wandered
pondered, smarter than than his peers
steer the boat, veer into serpent's moat
mote you too become one

one to two, two to four
more than enough to write a book
look at the world you wrote
gloat, as if it were just a joke

burning grass, covering tracks
back again to first square
stare into the black mirror
clearer view of your liar's tongue

far away from growing promise
a novice in these dirty lakes
snakes abound, returning tide
slide me into the sea

see my madness turn, this
broken urn, no healing.
feeling nothing, then bliss;
a piss-poor excuse for "fine"

my, how the time as flown
grown from a bright child
mild-mannered and kind
finding a way in words

caught up in trouble
doubled it with a lie
flying into thousands of clones
drones of repeating bumble

humbled by grief and pain
slain the dragon at the core
once, i had a pronged tongue
one that i no longer wore